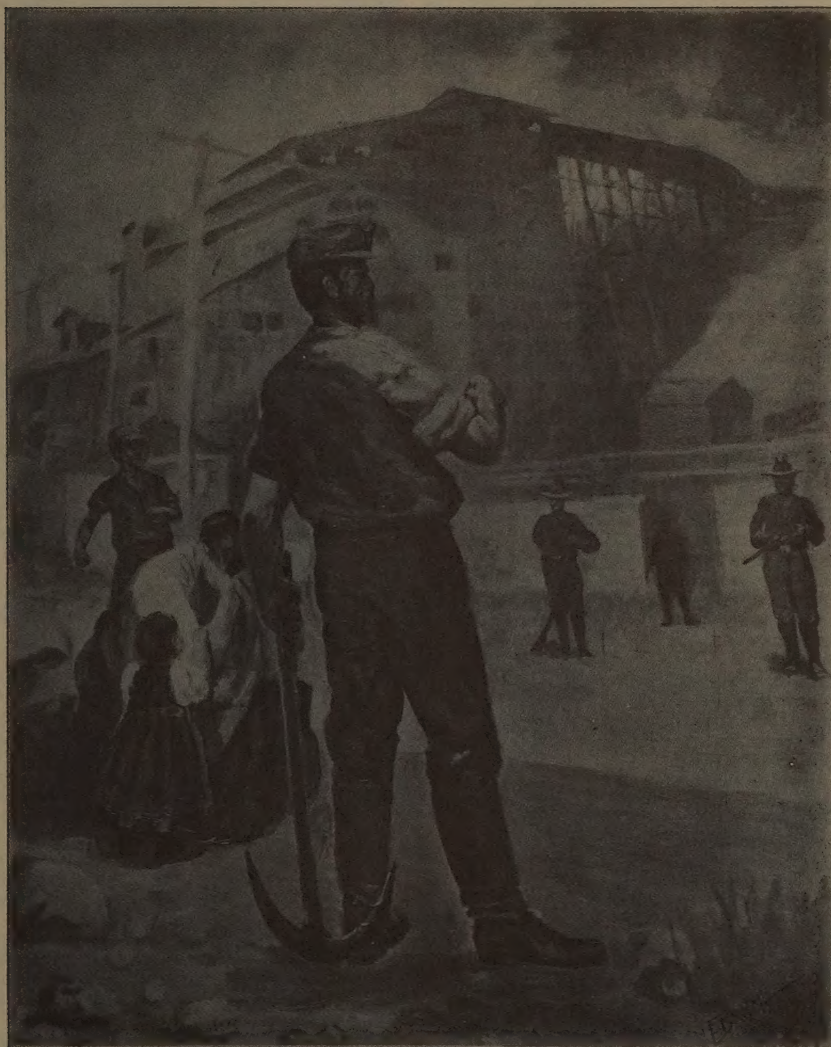


THE COMRADE



THE TRAGEDY OF THE VOTE.

Behind the Soldier's Bullet is the Unconscious Worker's Ballot.

How I Became a Socialist.

VI.

By FREDERIC O. MacCARTNEY.

While Socialism is based in economics and is primarily an interpretation of industrial development, it is nevertheless an inclusive philosophy—nay, more, it is a religion, the new religion of humanity. When it is realized it will transform every important phase of human relationship.

It is the method whereby brotherhood may be realized; it appeals therefore to the idealist. It inculcates right relations; it thus satisfies the intuition of justice. It will relieve untold suffering. The one who accepts it, while still sympathizing with the weak who are the chief victims of the present social system, will see in imagination the toilers free, the burdens lifted from women and children, and will by the great hope be inspired to brave words and urged onward to strenuous action.

Socialism is the realization of democracy in industry. It appeals, again, to him who has faith in the capacity, wisdom and integrity of the people.

Socialism being a scientific interpretation of economic evolution and the predication of a final method, sane and just, of producing and distributing life's necessities, satisfies the intellect. He who understands the fundamentals of economics passes through the labyrinths of history with calm assurance, for he has found the meaning of the past. He opens the periodical of to-day or reads the daily news and can interpret history as it is making. Thus knowing the past and reading the present, the Socialist predicts with reasonable certainty the future trend and describes with accuracy the final industrial system.

Now from the fact that Socialism is so comprehensive it follows that men of different temperaments, mental constitutions and different training are led into the new realm through varying ways.

I presume that Socialism appealed to me primarily through my faith and trust and love for the people. At the age of seventeen I had given myself to the ministry and began to prepare for that work. The power of the Gospel story as I read it as a boy was the record of the ministration of the man of Nazareth to the common people. "And the common people heard him gladly." This account of service to the great masses of men, this merger of the one life into the common life—this it was which thrilled me as a young religious enthusiast and was the inspiration through the struggling years of my preparation.

At Iowa College, Grinnell, I took the conventional course in political economy, and, as I remember it now, was somewhat interested in Socialism as it was casually treated. I believe I wrote a thesis on "Christian Socialism." Yet I

had not passed out of the theological period, the realm of religious imagination, and I thus did not give adequate attention to the subject, nor did I realize the fundamental nature of the study.

I graduated in 1889 from college and entered Andover Theological Seminary. In the winter of 1890 I read "Looking Backward." I was profoundly affected. My eyes were opened somewhat to the enormity of the present industrial system, and I began to see the vital relationship between my religious ideals and the constructive principles advanced by Bellamy. I also saw the antagonism between these ideals and the brute and devil principles prevailing in industrial life. I began immediately to formulate in my own mind

practical plans whereby these dreams of Bellamy might be realized. Things were rather hazy to me, I admit, but I said to myself: "Now the national ownership of railroads and the telegraph, and the municipal ownership of public functions like the street railways and so forth, may be a beginning."

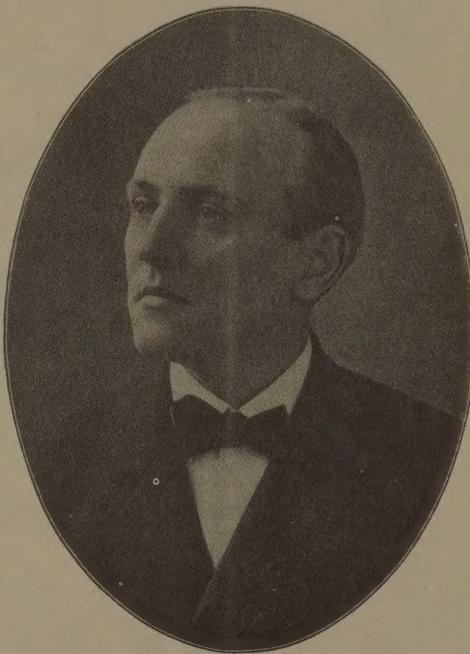
I pursued my theological course, but thenceforth my main interest centered in social and industrial questions. I studied quite thoroughly social settlement work and kindred lines of endeavor. At this period I was very much stimulated by studies in "sociology," as it was called under Prof. William Tucker, now president of Dartmouth. Among other books I read General Booth's "In Darkest England," and Charles Booth's "Life of the People."

In 1892 I was in the city of Denver on my vacation. I identified myself with the People's Party and entered enthusiastically into the campaign. Of course, I accepted the bimetallic side of the contention, but that which drew me primarily to the movement was the fact that the platform incorporated national and municipal ownership and direct

legislation. The Populist movement, while doomed to failure from the beginning because it was centered around a delusive principle, had nevertheless a certain meaning in so far as it represented the revolt of the people against the tyranny of wealth. It drew together the progressive element in the nation and performed to a limited degree an educational function.

I graduated from Andover in 1893, having become a Unitarian. I worked a year as assistant in the Second Church of Boston, and in 1894 accepted a charge in Rockland, Mass.

During the first year I did not say much on social questions, but in the second year preached a number of sermons



FREDERIC O. MACCARTNEY.

on industrial and political subjects. On a certain Memorial Sunday I preached before the G. A. R. on "The Old Slavery and the New." The sermon was really a study of the Trusts. It portrayed the rise of a new feudalism or a tyranny of wealth and the consequent enslavement of the American people. It drew analogies between industrial slavery and chattel slavery. But as I view it now, I see that while I realized the dangers to the Republic consequent upon the concentration of wealth and power under a Trust system, I had not as yet clearly seen the inevitability or the utility of the Trust, nor had I grasped the fundamental law of the sequence of industrial systems. I had not as yet appreciated the fact that the Trust system was at once the end of one distinctive economic era and the beginning of another, that the system of combination under private ownership was the necessary precursor of combination under collective ownership.

I might mention the fact that during this period I became interested in the Rochdale Co-operative System. A small group of us worked hard for two or three years and attempted to launch the scheme in this country, but we saw the overthrow of our plans. Never, however, did I regard voluntary Co-operation as a solution, but only as a palliative and a defensive measure. All through this time I insisted on the necessity of political action on the part of the working class.

I shall have to admit in these "confessions" that I supported Bryan in 1896 as the nominee of the Populist party. I knew, however, that the movement was doomed, knew that the Democratic boia had masticated one more victim. My interest in Populism died with my last vote for its Presidential candidate.

When Chase and Carey were elected in Haverhill my attention was called to the young Social Democratic Party. I studied its platform, met certain of its leaders, identified myself with the movement, and in 1898, I believe, we formed a branch in Rockland.

While I had given some attention to Karl Marx and had, of course, come into contact with criticism of his theories during college and seminary courses, yet I had not got at the foundation of his interpretation.

I now began a serious study of "Capital," reading at the same time Aveling, Hyndman and other commentators. I caught somewhat of the meaning of industrial evolution, accepted in the main his doctrine of the economic basis of history and received the general proposition that the industrial system of a given age determines its type of civilization and moulds and commands all functions.

For the first time I clearly grasped the theory of surplus value. I understood then the meaning of the wage system. There followed in natural order the corollary: the class struggle. More sharply defined than ever before did I see the irreconcilable conflict between the producing class and the exploiting class.

My interest in the political movement with which I had identified myself, together with a growing conviction as to the necessity of Socialist propaganda, seriously diverted my interest in the church and in so-called religious questions. I saw that I could not serve two masters. I chose Socialism, and resigned my pastorate, although my relations with my people were intimate and happy. In June, 1899, I resigned, with the purpose of devoting myself entirely to the Socialist cause.

At the solicitation of friends I accepted the nomination for Representative in the fall, and much to the surprise of Republicans and Democrats, and much to my own surprise, I was elected. Then began my three years' service in the General Court of Massachusetts. Suffice it to say that the last three years of battle in the Legislature have served to confirm in my own mind the truth of our fundamental propositions; served to impress upon mind and heart the beauty and the justice of the Cause to which I have gladly given all that I have, or am, or expect to be.

Comrades must be charitable with me if they shall consent to peruse these "confessions." I have come from ignorance into only partial illumination. I am still a student of the great movement and the profound philosophy of Socialism. My steps have been halting and my progress has been slow, but I have tried to follow the light, and I shall press onward. I have done a little in battle and I will fight on.

Some Objections to Socialism.



"Socialism is such bad form."

"We must change human nature before Socialism is possible."

"Socialism is so unaesthetic, doncher know."

"Will Socialism abolish Paris gowns?"

How They Managed It Under Better Conditions.*

By CAROLINE L. HUNT.

She bound books. She did it, not for a living, but because she loved to. She never bound a book that she had not read and learned to love. Her mornings, when her mind was freshest, was spent in reading, in binding or in thinking out designs for her book covers. She had a few apprentices, never more than three or four. In binding books and in teaching the art, she found food for her soul. But she had need of food for her body as well as for her soul. This need the other villagers had also. Their common want they sought to meet in common. Food was prepared in a public kitchen. She received her share. She had also a share of the services of the village house-builders and cleaners. In exchange she gave a certain amount of her time, usually about twenty-four hours a week. This was spent in doing routine work, partly manual and partly mental. It was not drudgery, for there was not enough of it. Her manual labor was done in the village bakery, under the direction of an expert baker. Here she worked about two hours each day, usually during the early afternoon. Conditions in the bakery, as in every other closed-in place in the village, were modeled after the out-of-doors. A perfect ventilating apparatus kept the air as fresh as upon a country road. There was plenty of sunlight and plenty of room. She was dressed in such a way that she had perfect freedom of motion. Those two hours of work, in fresh air and with full opportunity for muscular action, were as good for her health as the same amount of time at any outdoor sport. Her routine mental labor was in the office of the bakery, under the direction of the bookkeeper.

He was interested in electricity and his soul found expression in research work, to which he gave the best hours of his day. Like her, he did routine work for his bread and butter. He helped to run the automobile street cleaner. This was not dirty work, for there were no horses in the village, and no one spat in the street nor threw rubbish about. What dirt there was, was flushed into the sewers by a liquid disinfectant. He also assisted in the stenographic work for the village council.

Both were large, well-formed, well-developed, muscular, clear-skinned, bright-eyed, healthy, beautiful.

Both dressed well: his clothes were as beautiful as hers, hers were as comfortable as his. Their clothing was constructed with a view to a maximum of beauty and a minimum of drudgery in caring for it. The fabrics were beautiful in design and color. Necks were cut low and sleeves were made short. Beauty and cleanliness and the avoidance of drudgery in laundry work demanded this. He wore Knickerbockers, she graceful short skirts, reaching just below the knee. Neither wore stockings except when needed for warmth. Each had sandals of beautiful design and workmanship, which were worn when comfort or cleanliness demanded. Each had a few useful and wondrously beautiful pieces of jewelry in the form of buckles and clasps. His clothes were so few and so well constructed that he could remove them, have a bath, and dress again in ten minutes. She could do the same. That was one reason why they had such good health and clear skins.

One day they met and fell in love. In time they married. She expected to have children and knew that she was in physical conditions to bear them easily and transmit to them

good health. She knew also that while she was pregnant and while she was nursing her children, she would be relieved of work for the village, for, in that place, the bearing and rearing of children were considered work for society. She was glad to add the pleasure of having children to the pleasure of expressing her talents in binding books.

When the village architect had time, he planned a house for them after suggestions of their own. It contained a small reception room, a large living room, two bedrooms, a bathroom, a study and a workshop for her and a study and a laboratory for him. These were on the ground floor. Above was a roof garden with conveniences for sun-baths, shower-baths in the fresh air and for sleeping out-of-doors under the stars.

The house was cleaned under the direction of experts and by people who gave their services just as she gave hers in the bakery. There was little cleaning to do. Everyone removed his sandals at the door, and so no dirt was tracked in. The streets were so clean and well-watered that no dust blew in. Walls, windows and floors were so constructed that they could be cleaned by spraying.

Meals were ordered from the public kitchen; he ordered his; she ordered hers. Sometimes she would say: "I know you are tired to-night, my dear, and do not feel like choosing between macaroni with cheese and asparagus on toast. Let me order for you." Sometimes he expressed his affection for her in a similar way.

When she became pregnant, she gave up her work for the village, as she had expected to do. This gave her an abundance of time to spend on the roof-garden or in the woods or by the lake-shore. Her book-binding she continued to do because she loved it. She wasted no time in altering her clothes to conceal her condition. So strong were her muscles and so fine her poise that she looked handsomer than ever. At least so her apprentices thought.

In due time the baby was born. While he was too young to walk she kept him in a large incubator, where he had good air, no drafts, plenty of room to kick about and grow strong, and where he could be seen and admired but not handled by friends and relatives. Occasionally she put him in the public nursery, the most healthful and most scientifically managed place in the village. He would have been well off there all the time, but she wanted him with her because she loved him. She made use of the nursery only during emergencies. Once, for example, there sojourned in the village, for a short time, a traveller, who was about to leave the country for a long exploring tour, and would not return for many months. She talked often with him and learned that they had much in common, a fondness for Edward Carpenter's "Towards Democracy," among other things. She wished to bind a copy of the book for him and give it to him before he left. To do this it was necessary for her to have all of her time and be free from the care of the baby. She put him in the day nursery, going at intervals to nurse him or sending one of her apprentices for him. By this means the book was finished in time. On other occasions like this one, she found the nursery a great convenience.

She had several other children, and was always glad when she learned they were coming.

*) Suggested by August Strindberg's "How They Managed It," in the June "Comrade."

Twenty Odd.

By EDWIN ARNOLD BRENHOLTZ.

I hear reverberations loud of war-gun's awful note!
I see the slaughtered thousands whom its death-hurled shot
hath smote!

Oh, wait! One hundred million more are ready to be slain,
That twenty men or so—just think!—may pocket all the gain!
* * * * *

Art thou one of the "Twenty odd?" "Impossible?" That's so:—
Thou are of those who march, and slay, and start when told
to go.

Not thine the kingly robe and crown, not thine the wealth
galore;

Those "Twenty-odd" are "Stay-at-homes," and leave to thee—
the gore!

I see the millions marching on, bedecked, and very brave:—
By glory and a little gold deluded to a grave.

I hear the men who cause the wars praise "Patriotic blood."
I see *yours* flow, a crimson stream, a world-destroying flood!
* * * * *

Shall "Twenty-odd" determine still thy death and doom?
Be free!

Who saith "Controllers of men's fate these 'Twenty-odd' shall
be?"

What have they wrought for human weal that we should be
their slaves?

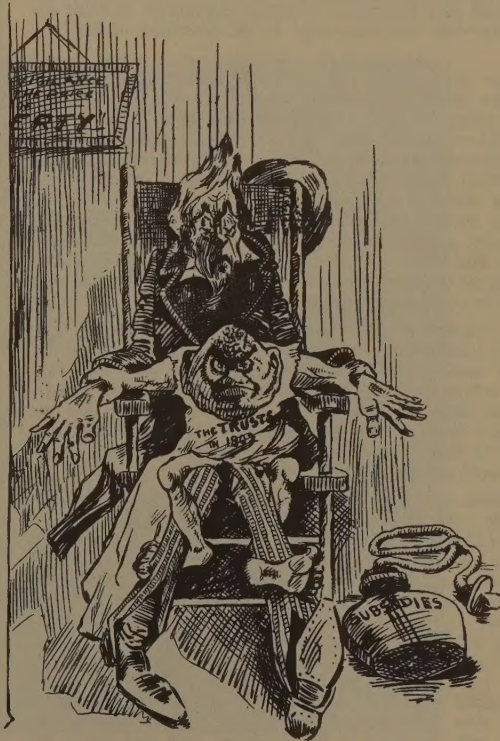
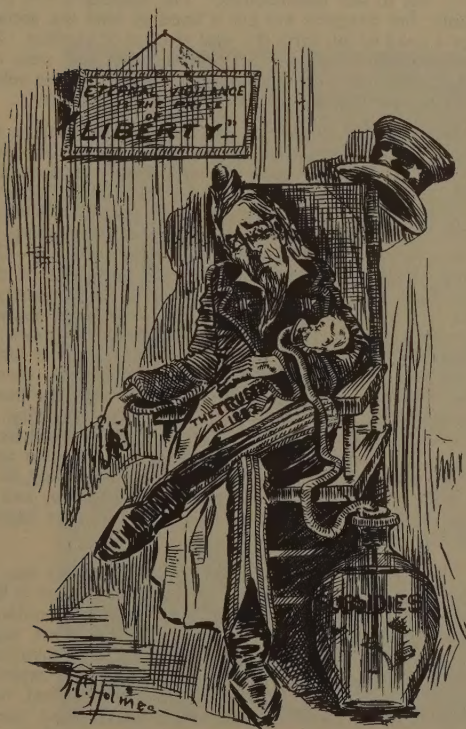
Th' "Patriot" word with them's the lure to lead to blood-
stained graves.

One hundred million fighting men 'wait "Twenty-odd's"
decree!

Oh! here's emancipation, signed by one who bends no knee!
Ye kings abroad and rich at home who profit by Man's pains,
Go ye and fight: I slaughter not! Pray pocket all smirch'd
gains.
* * * * *

O! "Twenty-odd!" O! "Twenty-odd!" deluding your dull'd
dupes,

Beware! beware! when *MAN* awakes, and ev'ry loss recoups!
Beware when bloody Butchery, by you forced forth and taught,
Turns—tortures, tears, not us, but *YOU*; mocks *You* when
mercy's sought.



A GROWING TROUBLE.

The Search for an Ideal.

By JAMES N. WOOD.

The apologists of the present order have discovered a grave omission in the system they defend—capitalism lacks an ideal. That is to say, it seeks an ethical concept which will satisfy the demand for a norm of moral duty. Expressed in less stilted language, they require an ideal which will appeal to those faculties which in every prior age and system have led man to sacrifice himself, if need be, on the altar of a noble motive. To appreciate that the condition is recognized as one of immense importance it is only necessary to note the frantic efforts of the wise men to evolve one, but their very desire reveals the bankruptcy of the order which they seek to strengthen.

Glancing backward, no stretch of imagination is needed to see why in previous times it was not necessary to expend labor in such a direction. The thing resulted naturally from the conditions inherent in society itself. An ideal appeared as the outward expression of our ethical relation, sprung from it full grown, and armed, like Minerva from the brow of Jupiter. In the feudal age the bond of mutual obligation—to support on one hand, to defend on the other—brought into being a moral rule which made the individual strive to show his real interest in the society of which he formed a part. The serf bowed to the lord whom he fed; the lord defended the serf who recognized this obligation. Patriotism developed as a matter of course. For, as conditions were, their interests were mutual, and the State—common expression of their organic unity—was an institution to be defended equally by each.

The rise of capitalism undermined this relation, and destroyed the social ideal which arose from it. The worker, free, but propertyless, was politically (in germ at least) the equal of his master. The bond that once had been replaced by an implacable necessity. To live, the workers must labor for a political equal because of their economic inequality. As time drew distinctions more clearly, as the worker expanded to political democracy, and contracted to more acute economic subserviency, a division came, the expression of which was discontent and hate. Try as they might to reconcile in theory the rivalry of antagonistic interests, the lapse of interval only showed it in riper, more developed form.

To-day, capitalism, at its zenith, has come to recognize the dangerous consequences of such a condition. Drunk with a dream of world-empire and immortality, for its "own fond self" it realizes the pressing need of some real moral bond—a common ideal—to inspire its victims to sacrifice and endeavor—for itself. Yet, summing up the futile efforts in advance, we find in place of what is needed only sorry shadows, or vapid phrases, and no more.

The obscurity which darkens the sight of those who aim to fill this void becomes clearer as we rise in the scale of those who endeavor to satisfy it. Cecil Rhodes, in his dream of a secret hierarchy of capitalists, whose aim and object should be the spoliation of a world, represents the desire in its ultimate form—dementia. To him the earth, the generations to come, were but means and instruments to be employed by the gilded inheritors of the present plutocracy to extend and solidify their power and position. Viewing the progress of mankind from past to present, his morbid fancy could see nothing better than an ideal of increased profit, a wretched yearning after greater individual wealth. If labor, as a consequence, was improved in its condition, well and good; but it is to be esteemed rather a necessary evil than an essential

merit in itself. Class-conscious beyond all previous conception, the world was, to Cecil Rhodes, a mere breeding place for millionaires.

Coming to lesser, though more able seekers after the same illusion, follow the thoughts outlined by such men as Mallock, Kipling, Wells, even Roosevelt himself. The three latter, exponents in particular of what is termed the "strenuous life," depict an ideal which vacillates from slaughter on the battlefield to colossal proportioning of methods of exploitation. They each and all can imagine only one future for the majority of mankind—that of being the hopeless victims of an ever-expanding industrial empire, ruled by a favored band of iron-souled tyrants! Their puerile genius is powerless to perceive that in that apparently helpless mass may exist the elements of a real ideal which is yet to rouse it to the deed and sacrifice required to revitalize society; to inspire it with an ambition which is yet to overturn the intrinsically powerless class that continues to exist only because those beneath them have not as yet chosen to challenge their right to exist.

Trade, the god of an age which stands alone in the perfect nakedness of its materialism, thinks to make of itself an ideal which men will reverence. Its prophets point to distant races, and endeavor to transform them into a propaganda; but when analyzed, we find, not a desire to bless by some new illumination, but to sell commodities. The huckster's cry is of bargains; but bargains are not a bond to bind the social fabric, nor a goad to call forth the vital element of sacrifice. Let them raise their hue and cry to thunder pitch, and man will only stop his ears to shut out the ignoble sound. Even religion becomes powerless to sanctify their brazen platitudes.

But if the struggle for wealth is itself fruitless, may not the object in getting wealth be noble? Ah! Now we come to the last dismal resource—and what a furious chorus it awakens! "The good to be done with it!" "How you can help the weak!" or "Carry out your ideals!" (What ideals?) But Charity itself, which is here brought limping into the arena, has found its own final expression, and it is—Carnegie! And in assuming the very form and substance of the modern Holy Grail he becomes a mirror in which charity reflects not as beneficence, but a leer. Above the hired applause of a corrupt press one hears distinctly the death groans of those whose lives were sacrificed to make this sinister philanthropist. Or, if the eyes close but for an instant, there passes the shadowy procession of Homestead's dead, the burned, the dismembered, the Pinkerton's victim. Not inspiring, this; at least for the purpose sought by those who would have it so. Yet, Carnegie does, indeed, represent a veritable apotheosis of the ideals of a turpid public mind. Fortunately, he himself is sufficient reaction from this unhealthy state, and mutterings of disgust go up from those who yesterday hailed him a new Avatar.

The problem capitalism has set itself to face has no solution. To recognize necessity for an ideal because it has none, is of itself a condemnation. Ideals are not manufactured to order; they spring spontaneously from the heart, and typify whatever of moral excellence exists in the environment in which they appear. Capitalism is exploitation; exploitation is robbery! These are not the elements of an ideal, unless we assume mutual theft to be a social duty. *Mene, mene, tekel upharsin*—"thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting!"

The Cranbrook Press and Its Work.

By JOHN SPARGO.

Rarely, indeed, has the conception of art which we owe to William Morris, that it consists in "the expression by man of his pleasure in labor," been more thoroughly expressed than in the work of George G. Booth of the Cranbrook Press, Detroit.

Little more than two years ago Mr. Booth, a busy man with the cares incidental to the publishing of several daily newspapers, decided to gratify the yearning of years by publishing a few books in a form worthy of the noblest and best traditions of the printer's art. As he himself says: "To my chosen vocation I felt impelled to add another, to give vent to my love of the durable and artistic by printing a few books that would last for all time."

The blood and the spirit of generations of craftsmen were his heritage. His grandfather and his great grandfather were famous craftsmen and wrought, by hand, copper flagons, ewers and kettles of the sort the good old-fashioned English housewife delighted in. They were born, and they lived and wrought in the little old Kentish town of Cranbrook, which possesses nearly as many traditions as inhabitants, and where many a housewife still delights in, and guards, the copper flagons, ewers and kettles which have been handed down to her, enriched by ancestral associations. Now you know why, in the Michigan city, there is a press which bears the name of Cranbrook.

When he had decided to set up a private press, Mr. Booth began to make plans for his ideal print shop. Like Ruskin and Morris and Cobden Saunderson, he recognized that to have

ideal work the surroundings of the work must be the best possible. So going into the dusty and cobweb covered attic of a building where his duties took him each day, he decided upon its complete transformation. How complete the transformation has been our illustration shows.

Going up the narrow stairs the visitor finds several chapel-like rooms, with beams, arches and leaded window glass; the furniture, good honest oak, is modelled after that in vogue in the fifteenth century, and the designs upon the walls, and the portraits, are such as appeal to the printer who loves his art. "In these surroundings," says Mr. Booth, "I set up a hand press of the most approved pattern, but of ancient design. I selected for a beginning the type created by William Morris, after the Jensen model. I began the designing of letters and other ornaments, choosing the interlaced pattern for which the early Venetian bookmakers showed so much partiality. I employed a printer who had learned his trade before the days of linotypes. I spent many days at the press myself learning a trade which I could find no one to teach me, until the hundred difficulties were overcome. I experimented with ink and paper and finally fixed upon a choice. Then it might be said The Cranbrook Press was born."

Of all the world's store of literature it is not easy to make a choice, yet it is natural that when the decision to start a press is reached, *what* to print becomes a question of first importance, and our craftsman set for himself this guiding purpose: "The printing of a few books of undoubted merit, having such per-



THE CRANBROOK PRINTERY.

manent literary value as would justify their preservation in the highest style of typographic art."

The first book chosen was the *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by John Locke Scripps, a large quarto volume, which was issued in July, 1900. Like all the work of The Cranbrook Press, it was printed upon hand-made paper, and well bound in half classic vellum, by the Cranbrook binder, Mr. Frank E. Swaton. The book, of which two hundred and forty-five copies were issued, met with a very gratifying reception by book-lovers, and since that time a number of other notable works have appeared, of which the most important are: "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," with engravings by De Voss W. Driscoll and many woodcut designs by Mr. Booth; "The Revelation of Sanct John the Devine," with Durer's illustrations and designs by Mr. Booth; "Three Wise Men," being selections from the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius, Francis Bacon and Benjamin Franklin; "Cranbrook Tales," a series of tales by Mr. Booth, chiefly drawn from Kentish tradition and folk-lore; and a portfolio (forty sets only printed) containing a full set of the famous Albert Durer engravings illustrative of the Apocalypse, together with a portrait of Durer and a drawing of his house at Nuremberg, all engraved on copper from the original woodcuts. These have won for The Cranbrook Press a reputation among book-lovers that is as remarkable as it is enviable.

Equally satisfactory has been the reception accorded to "The Cranbrook Papers," of which one volume, containing ten numbers, has been issued. The issue of these "Papers" was an experiment, begun while the "Life of Lincoln" was on the press. Mr. Booth invited a number of his friends to become members of a Cranbrook Society, and to contribute to a magazine bearing its name. The first issue contained a number of contributions—some by well known writers, others by writers less known—and was a complete success. Each issue of the "Papers" is complete in itself, consisting of original and selected items in prose and verse, illuminated by hand—each in

a distinct style following some particular person or period. Like the books, they are large quarto in size, printed by hand upon hand-made paper, and issued in limited editions of about two hundred and fifty copies.

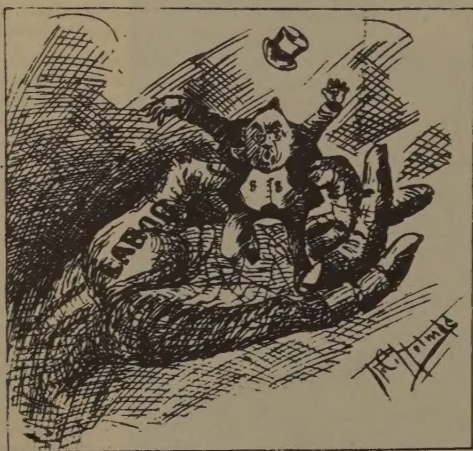
Portraits of Ruskin and Morris upon the wall of this ideal workshop indicate a reverence for these two great apostles of artist-artisanship. Mr. Booth freely acknowledges his indebtedness to "Morris, who relit the lamp of art in perfect bookmaking in modern times," and his estimate of our great artist-comrade is interesting: "I think," he says, "that William Morris may be said to have excelled all printers, both ancient and modern. He took from the Roman period the best that was applicable to the art. He borrowed from Gutenberg and others of his time the perfected principles and practices they employed. Throwing aside the faults, he substituted modern discoveries in the manufacture of vellum, paper and ink, which in his superior judgment were calculated to perfect them.

"He gave to England first a new standard of art, particularly in that of bookmaking, but America was not slow to profit by the lesson he so ably taught, and our country to-day is blessed by his work and his example.

"Morris was not without his faults, but for great endeavor and masterly execution I verily believe him to be first among the printers of all time."

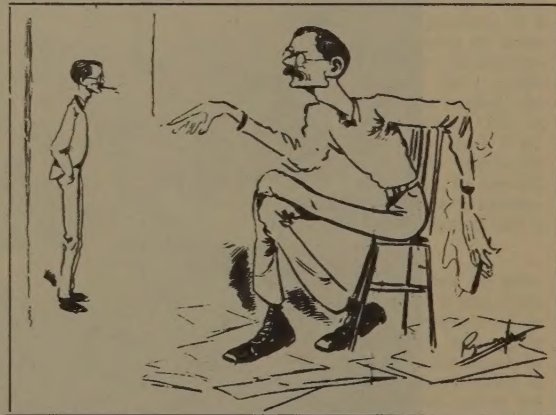
If, as has been said, to avow one's self a disciple of any man is to challenge comparison with him, then these enthusiastic words place Mr. Booth in a perilous position. But he would doubtless deny the validity of such a contention. Still, in view of his ideals, his work must be judged by high standards, and it is not too much to say that Morris, had he lived to see it, would have been gratified; and that Posterity will give to George G. Booth of The Cranbrook Press a place in the very forefront of those who carried forward the noble standard raised by Morris at the Kelmscott Press.

Think About It.

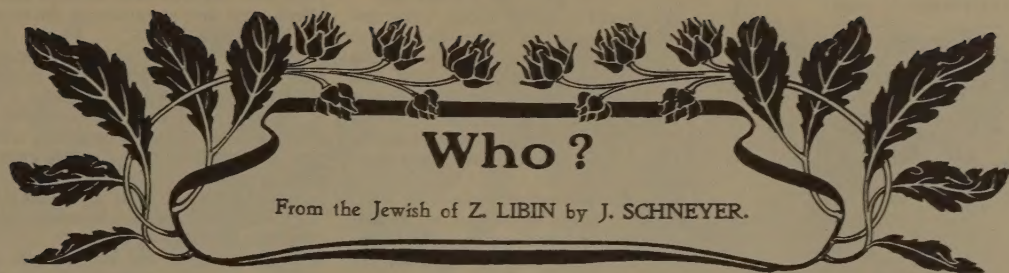


When Labor so decides Capital will receive a final squeeze.

A Socialist Editor Who Declines to be Photographed.



J. A. Wayland, Editor of the *Appeal to Reason*. A character study by Ryan Walker.



Who?

From the Jewish of Z. LIBIN by J. SCHNEVER.

It is May. A beautiful morning.

Having no work, I sat at the window, and looked into the narrow yard.

I raised my head and saw a piece of beautiful blue sky. My heart was filled with anguish and misery, and the fragment of the clear blue sky only irritated the wounds of my heart, and made me feel the pain more intensely.

And the sky has told me a sweet, beautiful, and infinitely sad story.

It has told me that somewhere, far, far behind our narrow yard, behind the crowded tenement houses, far from our noisy and dirty streets, the sky looks not so tiny, but deep and spacious, stretching far and wide, like an ocean, at its distant end descending, and embracing, as it were, the decorated earth in its bosom * * * and then is so good, so free, and wonderfully beautiful! Oh, how sad I get at such moments! * * *

And suddenly I drooped my head, and started to look down, and I saw only fire escapes, poles, ropes, and clothes hanging on the ropes.

My sight stopped on one fire escape. There was an old, rotten mattress, a torn quilt, a heap of dirty books, brushes, clothespins and filthy rags. And among all this rubbish there was a plant in a pot, with fresh earth, from which there sprouted a young, green and lovely flower.

And it seemed the young flower was dreaming one of those dreams of which the blue sky so mysteriously whispered to me. And it seemed to have a heart, a child's innocent heart, and this heart yearned and melted, craved for life and air, light and liberty. * * * It melted, and melted, slowly, like my own aching heart, and it wept, and wept, quietly shedding tears, real tears. * * *

"Is this place for me?" apparently asked the flower, with so much reproach. "I'll wither here before I ever start to blossom!" * * *

And it pained and pained me.

A neighbor lifted a windowshade and opened the window. I beheld a rusty brass cage, in which a canary bird was napping. Near by a cat watched the bird, casting at it fiery glances. * * *

And suddenly the bird awoke and raised its head.

Maybe it has seen the same piece of blue sky peeping down into our yard and teasing us; us, whom life has crushed, and deprived from joy and happiness. * * * And the bird

dipped its little head into a small cup of water which was in its prison, shivered, shook its wings, and started to chirp. And I imagined it wept, and implored to be let loose to fly to some distant region, where there are green and shady trees, soft grass, fragrant roses and other flowers; where one can see freely the whole endless sky in its full magnificence; where the air is so fresh and delicious; where many, many free birds are singing, dancing and playing so cheerfully, devoid of all care and anxiety. * * *

And the poor little prisoner has wept, and spoken to the soul so longingly and so sadly.

My dear little bird!

In vain do you grieve for those beautiful regions for which you were created and sent down from heaven. Your cry is of no avail! You *are bought*, and must fade away in this moulded cage without air and light. * * * Maybe they will protect you from the ravenous cat, who thirsts to strangle you; so that you may die a slow death in this cage. * * *

* * * "Please take the baby," interrupted my wife. And I took the baby. Poor little darling! How she looks! So pale and weak, sickly, and very delicate. * * * My baby seems gradually dying. Oh, how my heart aches for her! Her mother says she is teething. But I know the real reason for it.

My little child! It is because you crave for the same thing that the weeping bird and the green flower crave for! You crave for those happy regions where you would get well and robust; your cheeks would get plump and rosy; you would grow and blossom like a tree, and gayly laugh that silvery laughter of all free and happy children. Oh! my child, I cannot help you! Your father is poor, and you must decay here, together with me, in this cursed grave, far from air and light! * * *

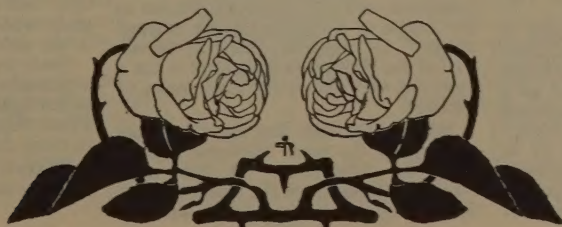
* * * * *

The flower will wither. * * * The little canary bird will die! * * * And my child? * * * I fear to think of it! * * *

* * * But who has done all this? * * * Who planted here this flower? * * *

Who imprisoned this little canary bird?

Who robbed from my baby the air and light, these precious gifts of nature? * * * Who? * * *



THE COMRADE

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Editorial.

This is a message for the workingman who is not a Socialist: Who thinks Socialism is a bad thing; or a foolish thing; or an impossible thing.

Who votes for candidates of the republican party or of the democratic party, and thinks that to vote for a Socialist candidate would be to "lose his vote."

Perhaps, Mr. Workingman Voter, you will read this brief message because it deals with THE TRAGEDY OF YOUR VOTE.

Of course, you value the right to vote which you possess as a citizen. We all do, or should, for the vote is the symbol of our citizenship, our civic equality. At the ballot box the humblest and worst paid toiler is the equal of the greatest "Trust King." YOUR VOTE IS AS POWERFUL AS MR. PIERPONT MORGAN'S OR MR. VANDERBILT'S.

Now let us see where the *tragedy* of your vote comes in. You are a workingman—whether you work with your hands or your brain is immaterial—and as a workingman your interests are identical with the interests of all other workingmen. The lying politicians will try to cajole you into believing that your interests as an American worker are opposed to those of the worker in England, or

Germany, or France; but it is not true.

The workers of all lands have one common interest—to enjoy the wealth which they produce by their labor. And they have one common grievance—the appropriation of the bulk of their product by an idle few. There are two nations really in the world, the workers and the idlers; all other divisions are of little consequence.

Now the power of these idle few, whether at home or abroad, to exploit the workers lies in the possession of the power to govern. That is why they are so anxious to make laws, and control their administration.

Ask yourself this question: WHO FINDS THE MONEY TO KEEP UP THE ORGANIZATIONS OF THESE GREAT PARTIES? If you could only understand the true meaning of the answer you would never vote for either party again!

For they are financed by the idlers; who, because they finance them, govern them.

"They pay the piper and call the tune." BECAUSE THEY PROVIDE THE FUNDS, THEY DETERMINE WHAT THE POLICY SHALL BE.

They don't spend thousands upon thousands of dollars to fight you, as employers, when you want shorter hours, or better conditions of labor, and then spend more thousands upon thousands, as politicians, to make laws giving you those things.

They don't organize themselves into powerful associations with hundreds of thousands of dollars to crush your unions, and then spend hundreds of thousands more, in politics, to help build them up. That would be foolish.

BUT YOU, MR. WORKINGMAN VOTER, ACT JUST AS UNWISELY AS THAT. You spend thousands upon thousands of dollars every year, in your trade unions, to fight the capitalists; you go on strike and suffer privations in order that you may get some improvement in your condition as a worker. And then, having done these things, you go and vote your capitalist enemies into Congress, the State Legislature, and so on, where they have the whip hand. Isn't that foolish, think you?

Of course, nobody believes that these capitalist politicians are concerned about the welfare of the workers. Some of them have laughed openly at the idea. Chauncey Depew, with an almost brutal frankness, said: "I regard my election to the Senate as an incident in my railroad career." Of course so! He is the servile tool of the Vanderbilt gang, and is but a type, not one whit worse than scores of others.

Now the Socialist does not waste time talking, as the mere "Reformer" does, about the "wickedness" of these men. They are products of the system, which divides society into two classes with an-

tagonistic interests—the workers and the idlers—and they are acting in the interest of their class.

But they can only succeed so long as they can persuade you that it is otherwise and that there are no classes. That is why the Socialist appeals to the workers as a class, because SOCIALISM MEANS THE ENJOYMENT BY THE WORKERS OF THE WHOLE OF THE WEALTH THEIR LABOR CREATES, and the capitalists know that once the workers comprehend its meaning, their power is ended.

At present you vote for your enemies, and they use the power you give them to entrench themselves, by means of valuable franchises, and the like, and to scourge you. Whenever there is a strike, or a lockout, you forget all about party divisions. You don't ask whether the employer, or the head of the corporation for which you work, is a republican or democrat, and you don't ask your fellow workman that question.

THE CAPITALISTS FORGET PARTY DIVISIONS IN THE SAME WAY. REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS UNITE AS CAPITALISTS, TO CRUSH THE WORKERS.

And the strongest weapon they have is the power of your vote. That is the true meaning of those terrible chapters in our industrial annals which the words "Homestead," "Pullman," "Hazleton," "Latimer," and others, call to mind; the true meaning of troops used in many a strike:—Idaho, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Albany, and hundreds of others; the meaning of those brutal injunctions which have been levelled at labor unions and their leaders by judges who, irrespective of their political views, are also, in most cases, tools of the capitalist class.

Every time a measure favorable to labor is defeated, YOUR VOTE IS RESPONSIBLE.

Every time a judge grants an injunction against the interests of the workers, YOUR VOTE IS RESPONSIBLE.

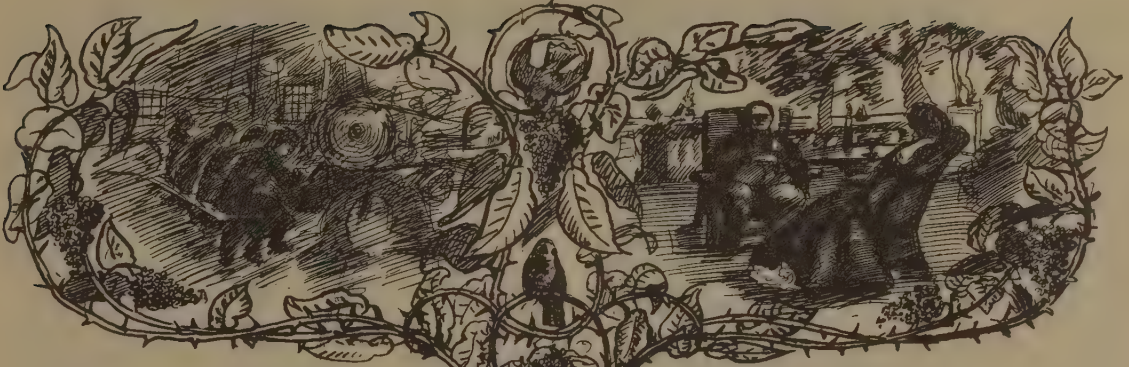
Every time striking miners, or street car workers, or strikers of any sort, are sent to prison for striking, or are shot down, YOUR VOTE IS RESPONSIBLE.

There is only one political party which a workingman can honestly and wisely support. It is a party of the working class, supported by their contributions, managed by them, and run solely with the avowed purpose of overthrowing the dominant idle class, and giving to the workers, as a whole, the full reward of their labor. An integral part of the great world-wide Socialist movement, it is the only hope of the workers.

Study its platform carefully; weigh its arguments honestly, and read its appeals in the light of your interest as a worker. These things you owe to yourself, and to those dependent on you.

HAVING DONE THEM, VOTE ACCORDING TO YOUR REASON AND YOUR CONSCIENCE!

S.



A Woodland Greeting.

The Herald of the Spring:

Here come the worldings from the upper world!
Ye winds, make straight the woodland paths, and
fling

Forth all your banners that are yet unfurled,
Ye gorgeous rhododendrons of the Spring!
Let dandelions hang low their heads—
Let violets, too, upon their beds
Lie still and close their frightened eyes,
And stifling, hold their perfumed sighs,
And earthward cling.

The Winds:

For they who come do live on Easy Street;
On other lives they tread with cruel feet:
From out the mother's bleeding heart they tear
The lamb unborn—O monstrous thing!—and
wear

Its tender skin on their fair breasts! And still
With pious philanthropic air they fill
Their glass with human sweat and children's
tears

And to the "Special Providence" that rears
Their social structure high upon the back
Of starving poor they drink: "Here's to the
lack

That makes our gain—that bends beneath our
yoke

These wretched men! Yea, let them kiss our feet,
For we who live on Easy Street—
Are Christian folk!"

The Herald:

Why silent are the birds
When ladies beautiful
Thus softly blend their prayers
And hymn tunes dutiful?

The Winds:

Give out the tale, O wild gray bird that passed
O'er Easy Street the first of May—at last
Give out the tale of all you saw and heard
As poised on trembling wing—like hope de-
ferred—

You looked into the slums of Easy Street!—
The slums and tenements that preach defeat
To human toil as robbed and bound it lay
Around the feet,

Of those who walked on Easy Street
The first of May.

By Caroline Pemberton.

The Herald:

Make straight the paths—they come—they pass!
Their shadows fall upon the grass;
They dance and quiver in the light
Of setting sun and moonlight bright.

Tall maidens fair
With glorious hair;
Young matrons with maturer air—

Magnificently clad are ye!
Yet some among the crowd I see
Gowned with a fine simplicity.

With laughter sweet
They stop and greet
And talk the language of the Street—
Of Easy Street.

The Wild Gray Bird:

"Hear then my tale: Dost know these shining
dames

Who toil not, neither do they spin? Their names
Spell gold—yet tears I see on every thread
Of costly clothing; by their side the dead
I smell who died to weave that cloth! Canst tell
Them from the lilies of the field? 'Tis well!

Or in the still hours of the night canst tell
The sobs of children from the dreadful noise
Machines make, when—deprived of childhood's
toys—

The little ones in factories tall stand guard
O'er flying wheels and thro' the night work hard,
Robbed of their sleep and play? Worse still, O

God!

Where daylight slants upon the factory floor
And frightened children crowd around the door—
A pretty child has slipped upon the stair
And others pressing forward crush her there!

They fall and fall
In panic all;
The fire bells call

Crazed mothers wildly weeping—
And ladies languidly come idly creeping—
To stare unmoved with cold and curious eye
On baby faces upturned to the sky—
As in the sunlight of a blackened world
Around their feet the little forms lie curled—

Those winsome feet
In slippers neat

Of those who dance on Easy Street
While children die."

A Chat with Paul Singer.

By RICHARD KITCHELT.

If mere quantity is a title to greatness, the city of Berlin may justly claim it: for it is the fourth city of the world in point of population, containing within its limits nearly two millions of human beings. But it would be unjust to the workmen whose brains and hands planned and built its palaces, parks and monuments to declare that the city had no other claim to greatness than the mere number of its inhabitants. There is much in Berlin that is both great and beautiful; and even its slum districts are not quite so hideous as those of New York, Chicago or Paris.

Perhaps this is because the poor of Berlin have more representation in the municipal and national governments; for Berlin, the capital of the German Empire, is at once the brain and heart of the largest and best organized body of revolutionary Socialists the world contains. Here are to be found the nestors of the political and revolutionary movement—the master minds which, with tongue and pen, from lecture platform, newspaper press and legislative hall, mold the opinions of their followers.

It is here that the greatest power to which political Socialism has yet attained, finds expression, and, through the number of its supporters and the ability of its representatives, commands a respect and attention which is potent to accomplish reforms for the amelioration of the condition of the working class. The best known of the German leaders, August Bebel, had gone on a vacation to Switzerland to rest after the past year's labors; but your correspondent was fortunate enough to secure an interview with the not less able Paul Singer, whose work in the Reichstag and on the "Vorwärts," the leading Socialist organ of Germany, is second to that of no man.

Herr Singer was found in his study at his home, a modest flat in the middle-class district of the city, busy with a batch of the morning papers.

He is a large man, past middle age, with gray whiskers and rather prominent eyes. His voice is deep and full, and he handled the rotund and sonorous German tongue with a mastery which indicated the probability of oratorical power.

But Herr Singer refused to be interviewed. His words had been so frequently distorted and his opinions misrepresented that he had resolved never again to express any views for publication unless he could read the proof sheets. Evidently newspaper correspondents in Germany have their limitations as well as those in the United States.

So your correspondent found it necessary to disavow the intention to interview, but in the course of a conversation which began with observations on the facilities for travel in

various countries and continued with a discussion of economic conditions in the United States, secured expressions of opinions on various subjects, some of which may interest the readers of THE COMRADE. "What do you think of the Independent Labor movement?" Herr Singer was asked, after the present status of that movement had been explained to him.

"It seems to be a good sign of the growth of a class conscious sentiment among the workers. They seem to be beginning to recognize that they have interests different from those of the capitalists. Your trades unionists in the United States seem to have very little understanding of their class interests; they form powerful unions, but they vote for the capitalist parties at every election. I do not imagine your Independent

Labor people even when elected will be able to do much. Your city governments have no power as I understand it. I do not believe much of any importance can be accomplished until the working class controls the entire government."

"Then you do not believe in immediate reforms?"

"Surely. We should do all possible to improve the condition of the working class; but we should be careful to keep the main principles always uppermost; the minor reforms will take care of themselves."

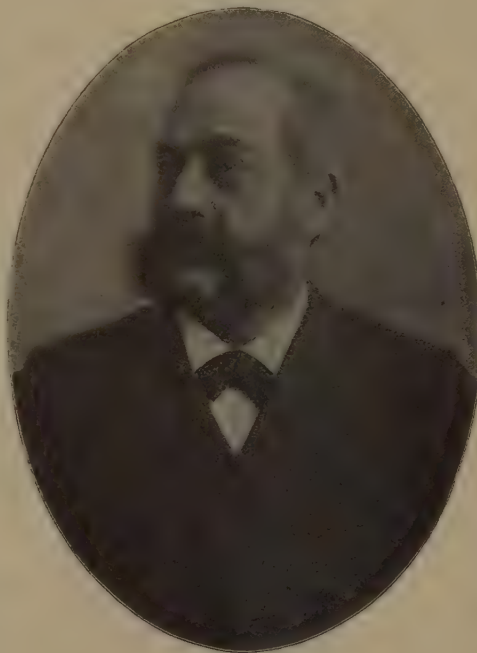
"It has been suggested that with the growth of discontent the capitalists will make concessions to the workers, reduce their hours of labor, raise their wages and employ more of their number more steadily, endeavoring thus to satisfy the workers and establish more firmly the modern plutocracy?"

"If the capitalists do that it will merely help Socialism. Concessions do not make the workers contented. It is a peculiarity of human nature that the more people have the more they want. When the workers receive more pay for shorter hours they will be more inclined to rebel than ever. The hardest subject for

Socialism is: the most downtrodden workman. The German Social Democratic Party tries to improve the present condition of the workers as much as possible, believing that thereby it helps its cause."

"With this growth of Socialist sentiment will not the capitalist parties offer reforms in order to stem the tide toward the Socialist party?"

"That is a question which has ceased to interest the Socialists of Germany. Their party has become so strong and its uncompromising character so well known, that the other parties make few attempts to alienate those who vote for it. It is known as the representative of the working class and those who desire working class reforms already vote for it in prefer-



PAUL SINGER.

ence to parties which do not stand for that class."

"Herr Bebel has written that a very large number—perhaps two millions—of those who vote for the Socialist party in Germany do so because they desire the reforms which it advocates rather than because they seek the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth."

"I have not seen that statement. It is no doubt true that a very large portion of the Socialist vote is due to the immediate reforms the party is striving for and because it is recognized as the only party which does anything for the working class. At the same time it is certain that very few of those who vote for the Socialist party do not desire, and believe through it ultimately to establish, the co-operative commonwealth. We get all we can now, but we keep the goal before us."

Pressed for an expression of his views on the question of

the Church and Socialism, and also as to what he would consider the wisest course of action to be pursued in the United States, Herr Singer refused positively to offer anything. On the former, because the matter was one of such intricacy that he was sometimes willing to write about it, but never talk; and with reference to the latter, because he was not sufficiently familiar with conditions in the United States.

At this point the arrival of other visitors compelled the termination of our conversation; but in parting Herr Singer expressed the desire that his highest regards be conveyed to his co-workers in the United States and voiced the encouraging opinion that the concentration of industry in this country was bringing it to Socialism more rapidly than Europe could hope to attain to that desired state.

News from Nowhere.✕

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCERNING POLITICS.

Said I: "How do you manage with politics?"

Said Hammond, smiling: "I am glad that it is of *me* that you ask that question; I do believe that anybody else would make you explain yourself, or try to do so, till you were sickened of asking questions. Indeed, I believe I am the only man in England who would know what you mean; and since I know, I will answer your question briefly by saying that we are very well off as to politics—because we have none. If ever you make a book out of this conversation, put this in a chapter by itself, after the model of old Horrebrow's Snakes in Iceland."

"I will," said I.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW MATTERS ARE ARRANGED.

SAID I: "How about your relations with foreign nations?"

"I will not affect not to know what you mean," said he, "but I will tell you at once that the whole system of rival and contending nations which played so great a part in the 'government' of the world of civilization has disappeared along with the inequality betwixt man and man in society."

"Does not that make the world duller?" said I.

"Why?" said the old man.

"The obliteration of national variety," said I.

"Nonsense," he said, somewhat snappishly. "Cross the water and see. You will find plenty of variety; the landscape, the building, the diet, the amusements, all various. The men and women varying in looks as well as in habits of thought; the costume far more various than in the commercial period. How should it add to the variety or dispel the dullness, to coerce certain families or tribes, often heterogeneous and jarring with one another, into certain artificial and mechanical groups, and call them nations, and stimulate their patriotism—*i. e.*, their foolish and envious prejudices?"

"Well—I don't know how," said I.

"That's right," said Hammond cheerily; "you can easily understand that now we are freed from this folly it is obvious to us that by means of this very diversity the different strains of blood in the world can be serviceable and pleasant to each other, without in the least wanting to rob each other: we are all bent on the same enterprise, making the most of our lives.

And I must tell you whatever quarrels or misunderstandings arise, they very seldom take place between people of different race; and consequently since there is less unreason in them, they are the most readily appeased."

"Good," said I, "but as to those matters of politics; as to general differences of opinion in one and the same community. Do you assert that there are none?"

"No, not at all," said he, somewhat snappishly; "but I do say that differences of opinion about real solid things need not, and with us do not, crystallize people into parties permanently hostile to one another, with different theories as to the build of the universe and the progress of time. Isn't that what politics used to mean?"

"H'm, well," said I, "I am not so sure of that."

Said he: "I take you, neighbor; they only *pretended* to this serious difference of opinion; for if it had existed they could not have dealt together in the ordinary business of life; couldn't have eaten together, bought and sold together, gambled together, cheated other people together, but must have fought whenever they met; which would not have suited them at all. The game of the masters of politics was to cajole or force the public to pay the expense of a luxurious life and exciting amusement for a few cliques of ambitious persons; and the *pretense* of serious difference of opinion, belied by every action of their lives, was quite good enough for that. What has all that got to do with us?"

Said I: "Why, nothing, I should hope. But I fear—In short, I have been told that political strife was a necessary result of human nature."

"Human nature!" cried the old boy, impetuously; "what human nature? The human nature of paupers, of slaves, of slave-holders, or the human nature of wealthy freemen? Which? Come, tell me that!"

"Well," said I, "I suppose there would be a difference according to circumstances in people's action about these matters."

"I should think so, indeed," said he. "At all events, experience shows that it is so. Amongst us, our differences concern matters of business, and passing events as to them, and could not divide men permanently. As a rule, the immediate outcome shows which opinion on a given subject is the right one; it is a matter of fact, not of speculation. For instance, it is clearly not easy to knock up a political party on the question as to whether hay-making in such and such a country-side shall begin this week or next, when all men agree that it must at least

begin the week after next, and when any man can go down into the fields himself and see whether the seeds are ripe enough for the cutting."

Said I: "And you settle these differences, great and small, by the will of the majority, I suppose?"

"Certainly," said he, "how else could we settle them? You see in matters which are merely personal which do not affect the welfare of the community—how a man shall dress, what he shall eat and drink, what he shall write and read, and so forth—there can be no difference of opinion, and everybody does as he pleases. But when the matter is of common interest to the whole community, and the doing or not doing something affects everybody, the majority must have their way; unless the minority were to take up arms and show by force that they were the effective or real majority; which, however, in a society of men who are free and equal is little likely to happen; because in such a community the apparent majority is the real majority, and the others, as I have hinted before, know that too well to obstruct by mere pigheadedness; especially as they have had plenty of opportunity of putting forward their side of the question."

"How is that managed?" said I.

"Well," said he, "let us take one of our units of management, a commune, or a ward, or a parish (for we have all three names, indicating little real distinction between them now, though time was there was a good deal). In such a district, as you would call it, some neighbors think that something ought to be done or undone; a new townhall built; a clearance of inconvenient houses; or say a stone bridge substituted for some ugly old iron one—there you have undoing and doing in one. Well, at the next ordinary meeting of the neighbors, or Mote, as we call it, according to the ancient tongue of the times before the bureaucracy, a neighbor proposes the change, and of course, if everybody agrees, there is an end of discussion, except about details. Equally, if no one back of the proposer—'seconds him,' it used to be called—the matter drops for the time being; a thing not likely to happen amongst reasonable men, however, as the proposer is sure to have talked it over with others before the Mote. But supposing the affair proposed and seconded, if a few of the neighbors disagree to it, if they think that the beastly iron bridge will serve a little longer and they don't want to be bothered with building a new one just then, they don't count heads that time, but put off the formal discussion to the next Mote; and meantime arguments *pro* and *con* are flying about, and some get printed, so that everybody knows what is going on; and when the Mote comes together again there is a regular discussion and at last a vote by show of hands. If the division is a close one, the question is again put off for further discussion; if the division is a wide one, the minority are asked if they will yield to the more general opinion, which they often, nay, most commonly do. If they refuse, the question is debated a third time, when, if the minority has not perceptibly grown, they always give way; though I believe there is some half-forgotten rule by which they might still carry it on further; but I say, what always happens is that they are convinced, not perhaps that their view is the wrong one, but that they cannot persuade or force the community to adopt it."

"Very good," said I; "but what happens if the divisions are still narrow?"

Said he: "As a matter of principle and according to the rule of such cases, the question must then lapse, and the majority, if so narrow, has to submit to sitting down under the *status quo*. But I must tell you that in point of fact the minority very seldom enforces this rule, but generally yields in a friendly manner."

"But do you know," said I, "that there is something in all this very like democracy; and I thought that democracy was considered to be in a moribund condition many, many years ago?"

The old boy's eyes twinkled. "I grant you that our methods have that drawback. But what is to be done? We can't get

any one amongst us to complain of his not always having his own way in the teeth of the community, when it is clear that everybody cannot have that indulgence. What is to be done?"

"Well," said I, "I don't know."

Said he: "The only alternatives to our method that I can conceive of are these. First, that we should choose out, or breed, a class of superior persons capable of judging on all matters without consulting the neighbors; that, in short, we should get for ourselves what used to be called an aristocracy of intellect; or, secondly, that for the purpose of safe-guarding the freedom of the individual will, we should revert to a system of private property again, and have slaves and slave-holders once more. What do you think of those two expedients?"

"Well," said I, "there is a third possibility—to wit, that every man should be quite independent of every other, and that thus the tyranny of society should be abolished."

He looked hard at me for a second or two, and then burst out laughing very heartily; and I confess that I joined him. When he recovered himself he nodded at me, and said: "Yes, yes, I quite agree with you—and so we all do."

"Yes," I said, "and besides, it does not press hardly on the minority; for, take this matter of the bridge, no man is obliged to work on it if he doesn't agree to its building. At least, I suppose not."

He smiled, and said: "Shrewdly put; and yet from the point of view of the native of another planet. If the man of the minority does find his feelings hurt, doubtless he may relieve them by refusing to help in building the bridge. But, dear neighbor, that is not a very effective salve for the wound caused by the 'tyranny of a majority' in our society; because all the work that is done is either beneficial or hurtful to every member of society. The man is benefited by the bridge-building if it turns out a good thing, and hurt by it if it turns out a bad one, whether he puts a hand to it or not; and meanwhile he is benefiting the bridge-builders by his work, whatever that may be. In fact, I see no help for him except the pleasure of saying 'I told you so' if the bridge-building turns out to be a mistake and hurts him; if it benefits him he must suffer in silence. A terrible tyranny our Communism, is it not? Folks used often to be warned against this very unhappiness in times past, when for every well-fed, contented person you saw a thousand miserable starvelings. Whereas for us, we grow fat and well-liking on the tyranny; a tyranny, to say the truth, not to be made visible by any microscope I know. Don't be afraid, my friend; we are not going to seek for troubles by calling our peace and plenty and happiness by ill names whose very meaning we have forgotten!"

He sat musing for a little while, and then started and said: "Are there any more questions, dear guest? The morning is waning fast amid my garrulity."

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE LACK OF INCENTIVE TO LABOR IN A COMMUNIST SOCIETY.

"Yes," said I. "I was expecting Dick and Clara to make their appearance any moment; but is there time to ask just one or two questions before they come?"

"Try it, dear neighbor—try it," said old Hammond. "For the more you ask me the better I am pleased; and at any rate, if they do come and find me in the middle of an answer, they must sit quiet and pretend to listen till I come to an end. It won't hurt them; they will find it quite amusing enough to sit side by side, conscious of their proximity to each other."

I smiled, as I was bound to, and said: "Good; I will go on talking without noticing them when they come in. Now, this is what I want to ask you about—to wit, how you get people to work when there is no reward of labor, and especially how you get them to work strenuously?"

"No reward of labor?" said Hammond, gravely. "The reward of labor is *life*. Is that not enough?"

"But no reward for especially good work," quoth I.



Illustrations by H. G. Jentsch.

"Plenty of reward," said he, "the reward of creation. The wages which God gets, as people might have said time ago. If you are going to ask to be paid for the pleasure of creation, which is what excellence in work means, the next thing we shall hear of will be a bill sent in for the begetting of children."

"Well, but," said I, "the man of the nineteenth century would say there is a natural desire toward the procreation of children, and a natural desire not to work."

"Yes, yes," said he, "I know the ancient platitude—wholly untrue; indeed, to us, quite meaningless. Fourier, whom all men laughed at, understood the matter better."

"Why is it meaningless to you?" said I.

He said: "Because it implies that all work is suffering, and we are so far from thinking that, that, as you may have noticed, whereas we are not short of wealth, there is a kind of fear growing up among us that we shall one day be short of work. It is a pleasure which we are afraid of losing, not a pain."

"Yes," said I, "I have noticed that, and I was going to ask you about that also. But in the meantime, what do you positively mean to assert about the pleasureableness of work amongst you?"

"This, that *all* work is now pleasureable; either because of the hope of gain in honor and wealth with which the work is done, which causes pleasureable excitement, even when the actual work is not pleasant; or else because it has grown into a pleasureable *habit*, as in the case with what you may call mechanical work; and lastly (and most of our work is of this kind), because there is conscious sensuous pleasure in the work itself; it is done, that is, by artists."

"I see," said I. "Can you now tell me how you have come to this happy condition? For, to speak plainly, this change from the conditions of the older world seems to me far greater and more important than all the other changes you have told

me about as to crime, politics, property, marriage."

"You are right there," said he. "Indeed, you may say rather that it is this change which makes all the others possible. What is the object of revolution? Surely, to make people happy. Revolution having brought its fore-doomed change about, how can you prevent the counter revolution from setting in except by making people happy? What! Shall we expect peace and stability from unhappiness? The gathering of grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles is a reasonable expectation compared with that! And happiness without daily work is impossible."

"Most obviously true," said I, for I thought the old boy was preaching a little. "But answer my question as to how you gained this happiness."

"Briefly," said he, "by the absence of artificial coercion, and the freedom for every man to do what he can do best, joined to the knowledge of what productions of labor we really wanted. I must admit that this knowledge we reached slowly and painfully."

"Go on," said I, "give me more detail; explain more fully. For this subject interests me intensely."

"Yes, I will," said he; "but in order to do so I must weary you by talking a little about the past. Contrast is necessary for this explanation. Do you mind?"

"No, no," said I.

Said he, settling himself in his chair again for a long talk: "It is clear from all that we hear and read, that in the last age of civilization men had got into a vicious circle in the matter of production of wares. They had reached a wonderful facility of production, and in order to make the most of that facility they had gradually created (or allowed to grow, rather) a most elaborate system of buying and selling, which has been called the world market; and that world market, once set a-going, forced them to go on making more and more of these wares, whether they needed them or not. So that while (of

course) they could not free themselves from the toil of making real necessities, they created in a never-ending series sham or artificial necessities, which became, under the iron rule of the aforesaid world market, of equal importance to them with the real necessities which supported life. By all this they burdened themselves with a prodigious mass of work merely for the sake of keeping their wretched system going."

"Yes—and then?" said I.

"Why, then, since they had forced themselves to stagger along under this horrible burden of unnecessary production, it became impossible for them to look upon labor and its results from any other point of view than one—to wit, the ceaseless endeavor to expend the least possible amount of labor on any article made, and yet at the same time to make as many articles as possible. To this 'cheapening of production,' as it was called, everything was sacrificed; the happiness of the workman at his work, nay, his most elementary comfort and bare health, his food, his clothes, his dwelling, his leisure, his amusement, his education—his life, in short—did not weigh a grain of sand in the balance against this dire necessity of 'cheap production' of things, a great part of which were not worth producing at all. Nay, we are told, and we must believe it, so overwhelming is the evidence, though many of our people scarcely can believe it, that even rich and powerful men, the masters of the poor devils aforesaid, submitted to live amid sights and sounds and smells which it is in the very nature of man to abhor and flee from, in order that their riches might bolster up this supreme folly. The whole community, in fact, was cast into the jaws of this ravening monster, 'the cheap production' forced upon it by the world market."

"Dear me," said I. "But what happened? Did not their cleverness, and facility in production, master this chaos of misery at last? Couldn't they catch up with the world market, and then set to work to devise means for relieving themselves from this fearful task of extra labor?"

He smiled bitterly. "Did they even try to?" said he. "I am not sure. You know that according to the old saw the beetle gets used to living in dung; and these people, whether they found the dung sweet or not, certainly lived in it."

His estimate of the life of the nineteenth century made me catch my breath a little, and I said feebly: "But the labor-saving machines?"

"Heyday!" quoth he. "What's that you are saying? The labor-saving machines? Yes, they were made to 'save labor' (or, to speak more plainly, the lives of men) on one piece of work in order that it might be expended—I will say wasted—on another, probably useless, piece of work. Friend, all their devices for cheapening labor simply resulted in increasing the burden of labor. The appetite of the world market grew with what it fed on; the countries within the ring of 'civilization' (that is, organized misery) were glutted with the abortions of the market, and force and fraud were used unsparingly to 'open up' countries *outside* that pale. This process of 'opening up' is a strange one to those who have read the professions of the men of that period, and do not understand their practice; and perhaps shows us at its worst the great vice of the nineteenth century, the use of hypocrisy and cant to evade the responsibility of vicarious ferocity. When the civilized world market coveted a country not yet in its clutches, some transparent pretext was found—the suppression of a slavery, different from and not so cruel as that of commerce; the pushing of a religion no longer believed in by its promoters; the 'rescue' of some desperado or homicidal madman whose misdeeds had got him into trouble among the natives of the 'barbarous' country—any stick, in short, which would beat the dog at all. Then some bold, unprincipled, ignorant adventurer was found (no difficult task in the days of competition), and he was bribed to 'create a market' by breaking up whatever traditional society there might be in the doomed country, and by destroying whatever leisure or pleasure he found there. He forced wares on the natives which they did not want, and took

their natural products in 'exchange,' as this form of robbery was called, and thereby he 'created new wants,' to supply which (that is, to be allowed to live by their new masters) the hapless, helpless people had to sell themselves into the slavery of hopeless toil so that they might have something wherewith to purchase the nullities of 'civilization.' Ah!" said the old man, pointing to the Museum, "I have read books and papers in there, telling strange stories indeed of the dealings of civilization (or organized misery) with 'non-civilization,' from the time when the British Government deliberately sent blankets infected with smallpox as choice gifts to inconvenient tribes of Redskins, to the time when Africa was infested by a man named Stanley, who—"

"Excuse me," said I, "but, as you know, time presses, and I want to keep our question on the straightest line possible; and I want at once to ask this about these wares made for the world market. How about their quality; these people who were so clever about making goods, I suppose they made them well?"

"Quality," said the old man, crustily, for he was rather peevish at being cut short in his story, "how could they possibly attend to such trifles as the quality of the wares they sold? The best of them were of a lowish average, the worst were transparent make-shifts for the things asked for, which nobody would have put up with if they could have got anything else. It was a current jest of the time that the wares were made to sell, and not to use; a jest which you, as coming from another planet, may understand, but which our folks could not."

Said I: "What! Did they make nothing well?"

"Why, yes," said he, "there was one class of goods which they did make thoroughly well, and that was the class of machines which were used for making things. These were usually quite perfect pieces of workmanship, admirably adapted to the end in view. So that it may be fairly said that the great achievement of the nineteenth century was the making of machines which were wonders of invention, skill and patience, and which were used for the production of measureless quantities of worthless make-shifts. In truth, the owners of the machines did not consider anything which they made as wares, but simply as means for the enrichment of themselves. Of course the only admitted test of utility in wares was the finding of buyers for them—wise men or fools, as it might chance."

"And people put up with this?" said I.

"For a time," said he.

"And then?"

"And then the overturn," said the old man, smiling, "and the nineteenth century saw itself as a man who has lost his clothes while bathing, and has to walk naked through the town."

"You are very bitter about that unlucky nineteenth century," said I.

"Naturally," said he, "since I know so much about it."

He was silent a little, and then said: "There are traditions—nay, real histories—in our family about it; my grandfather was one of its victims. If you know something about it you will understand what he suffered when I tell you that he was in those days a genuine artist, a man of genius, and a revolutionist."

"I think I do understand," said I. "But now, as it seems, you have reversed all this?"

"Pretty much so," said he. "The wares which we make are made because they are needed; men make for their neighbors' use as if they were making for themselves, not for a vague market of which they know nothing, and over which they have no control: as there is no buying and selling, it would be mere insanity to make goods on the chance of their being wanted; for there is no longer anyone who can be *compelled* to buy them. So that whatever is made is good, and thoroughly fit for its purpose. Nothing *can* be made except for genuine use; therefore no inferior goods are made. Moreover, as afore-

said, we have now found out what we want, so we make no more than we want; and as we are not driven to make a vast quantity of useless things, we have time and resources enough to consider our pleasure in making them. All work which would be irksome to do by hand is done by immensely improved machinery; and in all work which it is a pleasure to do by hand, machinery is done without. There is no difficulty in finding work which suits the special turn of mind of everybody; so that no man is sacrificed to the wants of another. From time to time, when we have found out that some piece of work was too disagreeable or troublesome, we have given it up, and done altogether without the thing produced by it. Now, surely you can see that under these circumstances all the work that we do is an exercise of the mind and body more or less pleasant to be done; so that instead of avoiding work everybody seeks it; and, since people have got defter in doing the work, generation after generation, it has become so easy to do that it seems as if there were less done, though probably more is produced. I suppose this explains that fear, which I hinted at just now, of a possible scarcity in work, which perhaps you have already noticed, and which is a feeling on the increase, and has been for a score of years."

"But do you think," said I, "that there is any fear of a work famine among you?"

"No, I do not," said he, "and I will tell why. It is each man's business to make his own work pleasanter and pleasanter, which, of course, tends toward raising the standard of excellence, as no man enjoys turning out work which is not a credit to him, and also to greater deliberation in turning it out; and there is such a vast number of things which can be treated as works of art that this alone gives employment to a host of deft people. Again, if art be inexhaustible, so is science also; and though it is no longer the only innocent occupation which is thought worth an intelligent man spending his time upon, as it once was, yet there are, and I suppose will be, many people who are excited by its conquest of difficulties, and care for it more than for anything else. Again, as more and more of pleasure is imported into work, I think we shall take up kinds of work which produce desirable wares, but which we gave up because we could not carry them on pleasantly. Moreover, I think that it is only in parts of Europe which are more advanced than the rest of the world, that you will hear this talk of the fear of a work famine. Those lands which were once the colonies of Great Britain, for instance, and especially America—that part of it, above all, which

was once the United States—are now, and will be for a long while, a great resource to us. For these lands, and, I say, especially the northern parts of America, suffered so terribly from the full force of the last days of civilization, and became such horrible places to live in, that they are now very backward in all that makes life pleasant. Indeed, one may say that for nearly a hundred years the people of the northern parts of America have been engaged in gradually making a dwelling place out of a stinking dust heap; and there is still a great deal to do, especially as the country is so big."

"Well," said I, "I am exceedingly glad to think that you have such a prospect of happiness before you. But I should like to ask a few more questions, and then I have done for to-day."

CHAPTER XVI.

DINNER HALL IN THE BLOOMSBURY MARKET.

As I spoke, I heard footsteps near the door, the latch yielded, and in came our two lovers, looking so handsome that one had no feeling of shame in looking on at their little concealed love-making, for indeed it seemed as if all the world must be in love with them. As for old Hammond, he looked on them like an artist who has just painted a picture nearly as well as he thought he could when he began it, and was perfectly happy. He said:

"Sit down, sit down, young folk, and don't make a noise. Our guest here has still some questions to ask me."

"Well, I should suppose so," said Dick; "you have only been three hours and a half together, and it isn't to be hoped that the history of two centuries could be told in three hours and a half, let alone that, for all I know, you may have been wandering into the realms of geography and craftsmanship."

"As to noise, my dear kinsman," said Clara, "you will very soon be disturbed by the noise of the dinner bell, which I should think will be very pleasant music to our guest, who breakfasted early, it seems, and probably had a tiring day yesterday."

I said: "Well, since you have spoken the word, I begin to feel that it is so; but I have been feeding myself with wonder this long time past. Really, it's quite true," quoth I, as I saw her smile, O so prettily!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"If anything is sacred, the human body is sacred,
And the glory and sweet of man
Is the token of manhood untainted,
And in man or woman a clean,
strong, firm-fibred body, is
more beautiful than the
most beautiful face."

WALT WHITMAN.



PEOPLE'S HALL, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.
(From a Photograph taken during the recent General Strike.)

"Culture is the feeling of the produced current—the thrill in the lives of the dead—the charging of the nerves of the body and powers of the spirit with the genius that has walked the earth before us. In the borrowed glories of the great for one swift and passing page we walk before heaven with them, breathe the long breath of the centuries with them. know the joy of the gods and live."

GERALD STANLEY LEE:

THE COMRADE

The Password.

By W. L. BENESSL.

I.

Do you wish to join the legions
Fighting for the cherished cause,
To the earth's remotest regions,
Ever forward without pause?
Advance to the sentry boldly
Who will ask you, ere you pass:
"Give the password", and then boldly
Answer: "Hail the working class!"

II.

Do you wish to swell the number
Of the proletarian hosts,
And advance—while others slumber,
Dreaming of redeeming ghosts?
At the outpost take your station,
And beware that no one pass
Ere he, free from hesitation,
Answers: "Hail the working class!"

III.

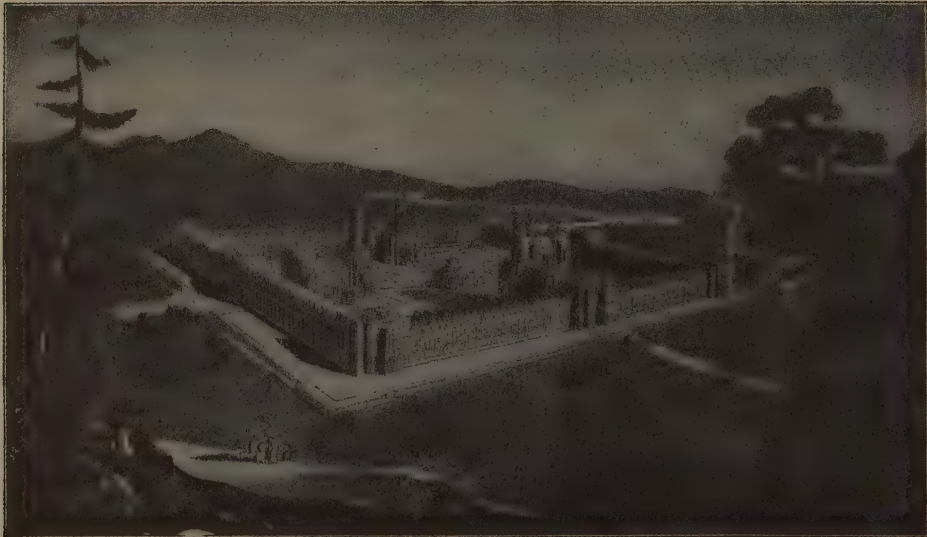
Do you wish that future sages
Write your name on scroll of fame,
Glowing through advancing ages
Like benign, undying flame?
Do your duty, fellow toiler,
And the day shall come to pass;
Dark for tyrant and despoiler,
But bright for the working class!

IV.

Do you wish to sleep contented
On kind Mother Nature's breast,
When your frail form is cemented
In an everlasting rest?
Fight the battles of the lowly,
Then, when life's last bourne you pass,
These will whisper, sadly, slowly:
"Peace! He loved the working class!"



Robert Owen's Proposed Village at New Harmony.*



*) For this end the two following pictures we are indebted to the courtesy of the Chronicle Publishing Co., Marion, Ind.

Views and Reviews.

From the press of the Chronicle Company, of Marion, Ind., comes a delightful book—delightful alike because of its contents and its charm as a product of the printer's art. Under the title of "The New Harmony Communities," Mr. George Browning Lockwood has given us the first and only adequate and worthy history of the Utopian Socialist movement in this country, associated with the name of Robert Owen. The New York *Sun*, usually well informed, recently declared with some petulance that the story of "New Harmony" had been told "over and over again," a statement which the student of that and kindred Utopian experiments will hardly endorse. For among such students the need of a careful and well-ordered account of New Harmony to take the place of the mass of ill-conceived and confusing literary fragments devoted to it has long been felt. And now it has been done with rare skill and judgment, by one who is not a Socialist, but a prominent Republican!

This fact is by no means apparent from the book, however, and must not prejudice the Socialist reader, for it must be admitted that Mr. Lockwood has treated his subject as fairly, and with as much sympathy as the most ardent Socialist could wish. The book bears evidence, too, of an acquaintance with general Socialist literature that is somewhat surprising. Republican though he be, Mr. Lockwood has rendered a magnificent service to all students of early American Socialist history.

With admirable judgment the author prefaces his account of the Owen experiments with an account of the Rappite movement which preceded them. For, as the author says, "while the Rappite regime is less interesting, and vastly less important than the Owenite period, it affords a strong background for the later experiments, the failure of George Rapp's success standing out in vivid contrast to the success of Robert Owen's failure." The story of the Rappites, or "Harmonists," as they were called, has been told by several writers, Noyes, Nordhoff and Hinds, among others, and Mr. Lockwood does not tell us anything of importance that is new concerning them.

Noyes, in his brief account of Rapp and his followers, says they gave Robert Owen "his first lessons in communism"—an absurd statement. Owen owed nothing to Rapp, except the opportunity of entering at once upon his work in America after the disappointment of the New Lanark experiment. He bought the whole of the property of the Rappites at "Harmonie" for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and was thus enabled to begin his experiment without delay.

The whole career of Robert Owen is admirably sketched by Mr. Lockwood, and we see him, the man of "almost sublime and child-like simplicity of character," to whose name, as Frederick Engels says, "Every social movement, every real advance in England on behalf of the workers links itself." We see him as the plodding draper's apprentice; the successful manufacturer; the benevolent employer; the agitator for factory laws, and builder of social utopias. Truly, Owen's was a wonderful career. Those who still think of Owen as a "failure" should read this sketch of his life, which, even better than the biography by Lloyd Jones, gives an idea of the man as he was, and of his work and influence. He was "the father of infant education" alike in England and this country; a pioneer in that great movement which gave England her factory legislation; and only recently, in the little town of Newtown, in Montgomery, North Wales, where he was born, and where, at eighty-six, he died, good old George Jacob Holyoake unveiled in the name of the great English Co-operative societies a monument to "Robert Owen, the father of the Co-operative movement." Mr. Lockwood is no pessimist. He does not regard Owen's life or his experiment at New Harmony as a failure. "The little torch of learning long



(From an old print.)

ago kindled in the wilderness made New Harmony a center of light and learning while it was yet surrounded by the trackless wild." He shows how from New Harmony great movements spread which are now incorporated in our national life and institutions.

Not the least interesting portion of the book is that which deals with some of Owen's prominent associates, and the admirable portraits of most of them. Among others, we get refreshing glimpses of Frances Wright, she who began the struggle for woman suffrage, and did so much to pave the way for the emancipation of the negro slaves; of William Maclure, the geologist; of Thomas Say, the zoologist; Robert Dale Owen, and that "remarkable American," as John Stuart Mill called him, Josiah Warren. The monograph upon Warren, it should be noted, is by Mr. William Bailie, of Boston, and greatly enhances the value of the book.

In closing this notice of an altogether admirable work, without which no Socialist's library can be complete, we take occasion to again comment upon its excellence from the point of view of book-making. It is well printed upon "Old Stratford" paper, and, with one or two trifling exceptions, its typography is almost perfect. The illustrations, thr of which we are enabled by the courtesy of the publishers to reproduce in this issue, are uniformly excellent.

Strikingly similar in format and its mechanical details generally, is Prof. Oscar Lovell Trigg's "Chapters in the History of the Arts and Crafts Movement," which comes at a most opportune time. Dr. Triggs discusses at length, and in a most interesting fashion, the influence of that grim old "Sage of Chelsea," Thomas Carlyle, upon Ruskin, and, in turn, that of Ruskin upon Morris.

That Ruskin profoundly influenced the life of that much greater man, William Morris, is generally recognized, but it is doubtful whether Carlyle's influence upon Ruskin is as widely known. With much force, and commendable clearness, the author shows the essential principles which dominated Carlyle's thought—his recognition of the industrial problems of his day, and his faith in labor which led him to set up a new ideal, the industrial hero, who should "civilize out of its utter savagery the world of industry." He does not praise Carlyle unduly, as one of the "cult," on the contrary, he sees the limitations of the man, and makes plain what he sees.

Carlyle's mission was that of the evangelist rather than that of a teacher. Understanding nothing clearly, he yet felt the pulse of the world in labor, and his torrential eloquence inspired Ruskin, then a young man, idling in Italy and Switzerland—surely a sufficient accomplishment of itself to ensure lasting fame! The one thing which most impresses Dr. Triggs, and most of us, in Ruskin's life, is his extraordinary industry and his wonderful versatility. Between him and Carlyle there was an affinity, not always comprehended, but of profound interest. Theirs was a united protest against the "cheap and nasty," and the demoralization of labor; and a united plea for a unity of art and labor, best expressed in the phrase "art-artisanhip."

Just as Carlyle's "Hero Worship" led the young dilettante of letters from stage to stage until his creed could be expressed in the startling aphorism, "Life without industry is guilt; industry without art is brutality," so his own "Stones of Venice," an immeasurable advance upon the empty and pretentious, but glittering, first volume of "Modern Painters," kindled in Morris that social concept of life and art which dominated his whole career, and made him the greatest artist-artisan of his time, and perhaps of all time.

We have called Morris a greater man than Ruskin, the master he loved, but there are many who would vigorously oppose that view. Ruskin wrote good and sincere, if not great poetry; Morris wrote great poetry, and must be ranked with the greatest masters of English verse; Ruskin wrote magnificent prose, yet it can scarcely be said that anything he wrote excelled "The Dream of John Ball," or "The King's Lesson," for beauty and dignity of language. Ruskin published well-printed books, Morris was the greatest printer the world has ever seen. Ruskin avowed himself a Socialist, and his "Fors Clavigera," "Unto this Last," and "Munera Pulveris," bear eloquent witness to the limit of his vision. Probably no man ever saw so much and failed to see so much else as he. But Morris, as a Socialist, was pre-eminently great, as he was in all beside.

Dr. Triggs does not, as too many have done, make the mistake of trying to "interpret" Morris, while ignoring his Socialism. Morris the Socialist is set forth in a kindly light. The author does not pretend to give a complete account of his Socialist life, and what is given is sufficiently comprehensive to show the ground of his work. But it is a matter for regret that, relying upon Mackail's "Life," the author is led into several inaccuracies upon statements of fact, which, while they do not seriously impair the value of the book as a contribution, and a notable contribution, to the history of the Arts and Crafts movement, should be corrected in future editions.

There is a chapter on "The Development of Industrial Consciousness," which is pregnant with deep meaning, from which we quote the concluding sentences, which show how clearly Dr. Triggs comprehends the true function of machinery which Aristotle foresaw. "The emancipation of labor is accomplished by changing the character of labor. No one desires to be free from work, but to be free and self-directive in his work. The machine, in doing the drudgery of the world, is undoubtedly an instrument for the furthering of industrial liberty."

There are three illustrations, reproductions of bas-relief portraits of Carlyle, Ruskin and Morris, by Julia M. Bracken, all three of which are excellent, and add to the delight of an entirely delightful book.

From "The Craftsman" for August—a delightful issue, by the way—we are pleased to notice that the United Crafts are, apparently, flourishing. From time to time we have been somewhat critical in our notices of "The Craftsman," but always sympathetic, because we believe that the United Crafts, in whose interests it is published, are working upon right lines. Some of their designs for interior decoration and furnishing appear to us perfectly charming, though we are free to confess that we think the *moveable* pieces—chairs and the like—too heavy and requiring too much exertion on the part of the servant or the housewife. Now, we are glad to learn, by an organization of their workshops, the United Crafts are enabled to devote their attention to several other industries, such as working in metals, leather and textiles. They have recently added bookbinding to the number of their activities, their first venture being the binding of the first volume of "The Craftsman" in flexible leather. It is a notable piece of work and augurs well for the success of the workers at Eastwood in that direction. With the October issue "The Craftsman" will enter upon its third volume in an enlarged form, and we wish it every success. The Arts and Crafts renaissance is well and worthily represented by the workers of the United Crafts.

J. S.



Books Received.

- THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA, Vol. II., from APOCRYPHA to BENASH. Cloth, 685 pp., with illustrations. To be complete in 12 volumes. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.
- THE TRUSTS. By William Miller Collier. Cloth. 388 pp. Price, \$1.25. The Baker & Taylor Publishing Company, New York.
- THE CRAFTSMAN, Vol. I. Bound in Flexible Art Leather. The United Crafts, Syracuse, New York.
- THE COLLAPSE OF PLUTOCRACY. By Henry Boothman. Cloth. 271 pp. The Henneberry Company, Chicago and New York.
- THE FUTURE OF WAR. By I. S. Bloch. New and cheaper edition. Cloth. 380 pp., with diagrams and maps. Ginn & Co., Boston.
- CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT. By Oscar Lovel Triggs, Ph.D. Illustrated. Boards. 108 pp. Price, \$2.00. The Bohemia Guild of the Industrial Art League, Chicago.
- THE NEW HARMONY COMMUNITIES. By George Browning Lockwood. Cloth, 281 pp. Illustrated. Price, \$2.50. The Chronicle Publishing Company, Marion, Ind.
- THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOCIAL REFORMS. Second edition. Edited by W. D. P. Bliss. Cloth. 1,485 pp. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.
- THE LAST DAYS OF THE RUSKIN CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION. By Isaac Broome. Cloth. 183 pp. Price, 50c. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.
- THE CRANBROOK PRESS, AND SOME BOOKS AND BOOKBINDING. By George Booth. Illustrated. Boards. 32 pp. The Cranbrook Press, Detroit.





THE RAPPOSITE CHURCH, NEW HARMONY.

Columbia's Dream.

By PAUL SHIVELL.

She stood above the river when the moon
Was rising, and the weather was more mild
Than had been. She was beautiful. Her eyes,
Howbeit steam did frost the Night with jewels,
Shone, while she watched the scene developing
In majesty, until the cloudless moon
Beheld with her pure face of loveliest light
Lake-mirrored woods, valley and misty hill
In verdure, steeple-speck; while villages,
Broad rivers winding to the distant sea,
With sails upon their placid bosoms dreaming,
Still swans, and castles of dead kings, where lanes
Curved over marble bridges like sweet music,
Enchanted, pale, slept in the silver flood.
Man's peaceful conquest waiting.

O, my country!

Why are thou occupied with low pursuits,
And chasing the poor savage, while the world
Passes, and thou hast nothing but the dream?

Brothers. *o o o*

By IVAN TURGENIEFF

I was walking in the street—a beggar stopped me—a frail old man.

His inflamed, tearful eyes, blue lips, rough rags, disgusting sores—oh, how horribly poverty had disfigured the unhappy creature!

He stretched out to me his red, swollen, filthy hand. He groaned and whimpered for alms.

I felt in all my pockets—no purse, watch or handkerchief did I find. I had left them all at home.

The beggar waited, and his outstretched hand twitched and trembled slightly.

Embarrassed and confused, I seized his dirty hand and pressed it. "Don't be vexed with me, brother! I have nothing with me, brother!"

The beggar raised his bloodshot eyes to mine; his blue lips smiled, and he returned the pressure of my chilled fingers.

"Never mind, brother," stammered he; "thank you for this—this, too, was a gift, brother."

I felt that I, too, had received a gift from my brother.



Portrait Gallery of Socialist Worthies.

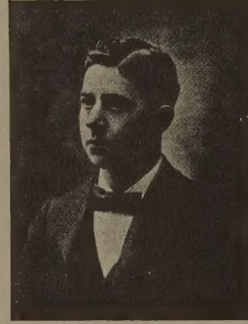
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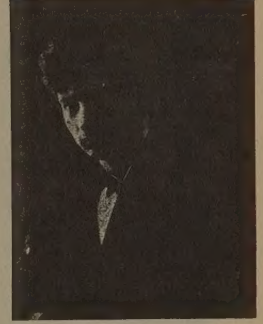
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TO OUR READERS.

With this issue we close our first volume, and take the opportunity thus presented of thanking all those friends who have co-operated with us in the work incidental to such an enterprise. While we are conscious—more fully conscious, perhaps, than any of our readers—of the imperfections of our work thus far, we yet feel that we have succeeded in attaining a standard of excellence never before reached by a Socialist magazine. With the continued, and increased, aid of all our readers we have no doubt that much improvement will be possible.

In the new volume which begins with our next issue, we hope to introduce many notable improvements, which will add greatly to the artistic worth of the magazine. Of course, some of the present features will be continued; we shall publish the remainder of Morris's delightful romance and the beautiful pictures by H. G. Jentsch which have been so enthusiastically praised by hundreds of our readers. The "How I Became a Socialist" series of articles will be continued; Father Thos. H. Haggerty will contribute the next article, subsequent contributors being Mrs. May Wood Simons, George D. Herron, and Jack London, among others. We also propose to continue "Views and Reviews" as a

permanent feature. Our efforts to give well considered and scholarly reviews of current literature have met with a reception that is most gratifying.

It may, perhaps, not be out of place to say, concerning these reviews, that we shall continue to discuss all books with perfect frankness, and shall not be influenced in any way, either by the fact that a book is published by advertisers, or by publishers friendly to our cause, or that it is written by a friend of THE COMRADE. As in the past, the magazine will be free from "log-rolling" influences. We do not use prepared notices, whether sent by publishers or others interested. While, on the one hand, we have no "scores to settle," on the other personal friendships will not be allowed to color our reviews. Already THE COMRADE is recognized as one of the very few publications which deal with perfect frankness with all books irrespective of everything else. We hope to preserve that impartial spirit and while we shall often, perhaps, be at fault in our estimate of a book, it will at least be an honest opinion, uninfluenced by any consideration either of business or friendship.

A carefully prepared index to Volume One will be ready in a few days. It has

been compiled in the belief that a large number of readers will be desirous of binding their copies, and will be sent free of charge to all who write for it enclosing five cents in postage stamps to cover cost of handling and mail charges only. Your volume will not be complete without it.

Meantime, in order to effect those improvements we have in view, we need many new subscribers—a thousand new ones every month ought to be easy work. Will you not do YOUR best to get one fresh subscriber each month? That would be easy for you, and helpful to us.

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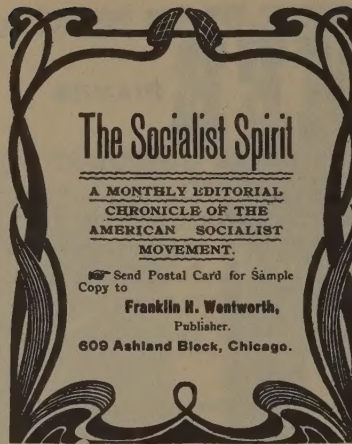
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